THE BOURBON NEWS.

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ONE MORE SWEET SOUL.

One more sweet soul
Has lent its sweetness to the great unknown.
They missed its beauty there, perchance, and called,
And we were left alone.

No happy voice—
No tender voice and doubly tender eyes—
No heart that loved to pour its loving out
In eager services!

No mated soul
To bid life's welling joys to overbrim,
Or steal the bitterness away from grief
Whene'er our eyes grow dim!

So much of love
Has passed forever with this passing breath!
Our tender words must lie unspoken now;
There is no bridge for death.

Nor he, nor we
Can ever span this voiceless silence o'er—
Nor utmost love or longing give or take
Its loving answer more.

No smile comes back—
The old well loving and well-loved reply—
For any smile of ours, or touch, or tone,
Or tender ministry.

One link the less
Now binds us to the world we call our own,
One love the more has rendered dear to us
The great unknown.

—Mildred McNeal, in Ohio Farmer.

THE PICKETS.

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.

"We be of one blood, you and I!"—Kipling.

"Hi, Yank!"

"Shut up!" replied Alden, wriggling to the edge of the rifle pit.

Connor also crawled a little higher, and squinted through the chinks of the pine logs.

"Hey, Johnny!" he called across the river, "are you that clay-eatin' Cracker with green lamps on your pilot?"

"O, Yank! Are yew the U. S. mewl with a C. S. A. brand on yewr headstall?"

"Go to blazes!" replied Connor, sullenly.

A jeering laugh answered him from across the river.

"He had you there, Connor," observed Alden, with faint interest.

Connor took off his blue cap and examined the bullet hole in the crown.

"C. S. A. brand on my headstall, eh!" he repeated savagely, twirling the cap between his dirty fingers.

"You called him a clay-eating Cracker," observed Alden; "and you referred to his spectacles as green lanterns on his pilot."

"I'll show him whose headstall is branded," muttered Connor, shoving his smoky rifle through the log crack.

Alden slid down to the bottom of the shallow pit and watched Connor apathetically. He gasped once or twice, threw open his jacket at the throat and stuffed a filthy handkerchief into the crown of his cap, arranging the ends as a shelter for his neck.

Connor lay silent, his right eye fastened upon the rifle sight, his dusty army shoes crossed behind him. One yellow sock had slipped down over the worn shoe heel and laid bare a dust-begrimed ankle bone.

Suddenly Connor's rifle cracked; the echoes rattled and clattered away through the woods; a thin cloud of pungent vapor slowly drifted straight upward, shredding into filmy streamers among the branches overhead.

"Get him?" asked Alden after a silence.

"Nope," replied Connor. Then he addressed himself to his late target across the river.

"Hello, Johnny!"

"Hi, Yank!"

"How close?"

"Hey?"

"How close?"

"What, sonny?"

"My shot, you fool!"

"Why, sonny," called back the confederate, in affected surprise, "was yew a-shootin' at me?"

Bang! went Connor's rifle again. A derisive cat-call answered him, and he turned furiously to Alden.

"Oh, let up," said the young fellow. "It's too hot for that!"

Connor was speechless with rage, and he hastily jammed another cartridge into his long, hot rifle; but Alden roused himself, brushed away a persistent fly, and crept up to the edge of the pit again.

"Hello, Johnny!" he shouted.

"That you, sonny?" replied the confederate.

"Yes; say, Johnny, shall we call it square until four o'clock?"

"What time is it?" replied the cautious confederate; "all our expensive gold watches is bein' repaired at Chickamauga."

At this taunt Connor showed his teeth; but Alden laid one hand on his arm and sang out: "It's two o'clock, Richmond time; Sherman has just telegraphed us from your state house."

"Wall, in that case this crool war is over," replied the confederate sharpshooter; "we'll be easy on old Sherman."

"See here!" cried Alden; "is it a truce until four o'clock?"

"All right! Your word, Yank!"

"You have it."

"Done!" said the confederate, coolly rising to his feet and strolling down to the river bank, both hands in his pockets.

Alden and Connor crawled out of their ill-smelling dust wallow, leaving their rifles behind them.

"Whew! It's hot, Johnny," said Alden, pleasantly. He pulled out a stained pipe, blew into the stem, polished the bowl with his sleeve, and sucked wistfully at the end. Then he went and sat down beside Connor, who had improvised a fishing pole from his ramrod, a bit of string and a rusty hook.

The confederate rifleman also sat down on his side of the stream, puffing luxuriously at a fragrant corncob pipe. Alden watched him askance, sucking the stem of his own empty pipe. After a minute or two Connor dug up a worm from the roots of a beech tree with his bayonet, fixed it to the hook, flung the line into the muddy current, and squatted gravely on his haunches, chewing a leaf stem.

Presently the confederate soldier raised his head and looked across at Alden.

"What's yewr name, sonny?" he asked.

"Alden," replied the young fellow, briefly.

"Mine's Craig," observed the confederate. "What's yewr regiment?"

"Two hundred and Sixtieth New York; what's your's, Mr. Craig?"

"Ninety-third Maryland, Mister Alden."

"Quit that throwing sticks in the water!" growled Connor. How do you s'pose I'm goin' to catch anythin'?"

Alden tossed his stick back into the brush heap and laughed.

"How's your tobacco, Craig?" he called out.

"Bully! How's yewr coffee 'n' tack, Alden?"

"First-rate!" replied the youth.

After a silence he said: "Is it a go?"

"You bet," said Craig, fumbling in his pockets. He produced a heavy twist of Virginia tobacco, laid it on a log, hacked off about three inches with his sheath knife, and folded it up in a big green sycamore leaf. This, again, he rolled into a corn husk, weighted it with a pebble; then, stepping back, he hurled it into the air, saying: "Deal square, Yank!"

The tobacco fell at Alden's feet. He picked it up, measured it carefully with his clasp knife, and called out: "Three and three-quarters, Craig. What do you want, hardtack or coffee?"

"Tack," replied Craig; "don't stint!"

Alden laid out two biscuits. As he was about to hack a quarter from the third he happened to glance over the creek at his enemy. There was no mistaking the expression on his face. Starvation was stamped on every feature.

When Craig caught Alden's eye, he spat with elaborate care, whistled a bar of the "Bonny Blue Flag," and pretended to yawn.

Alden hesitated, glanced at Connor, then placed three whole biscuits in the cornhusk, added a pinch of coffee, and tossed the parcel over to Craig.

That Craig longed to fling himself upon the food and devour it was plain to Alden, who was watching his face. But he didn't; he strolled leisurely down the bank, picked up the parcel, weighed it critically before opening it, and finally sat down to examine the contents. When he saw that the third cracker was whole, and that a pinch of coffee had been added, he paused in his examination, and remained motionless on the bank, head bent. Presently he looked up and asked Alden if he had made a mistake. The young fellow shook his head and drew a long puff of smoke from his pipe, watching it curl out of his nose with interest.

"Then I'm obliged to yew, Alden," said Craig; "'low I'll eat a snack to see it ain't pizened."

He filled his lean jaws with the dry biscuit, then scooped up a tincupful of water from the muddy river, and set the rest of the cracker to soak.

"Good?" queried Alden.

"Fair," drawled Craig, bolting an unchewed segement and choking a little. "How's the twist?"

"Fine," said Alden; "tastes like stable-sweepings."

They smiled at each other across the stream.

"S-a-y," drawled Craig, with his mouth full, "when yew're out of twist, jest yew sing out, sonny."

"All right," replied Alden. He stretched back in the shadow of a sycamore and watched Craig with pleasant eyes.

Presently Connor had a bite and jerked his line into the air.

"Look yere," said Craig, "that ain't no way for to ketch 'red-horse.' Yew want a ca'tridge on for a sinker, sonny."

"What's that?" inquired Connor, suspiciously.

"Put on a sinker."

"Go on, Connor," said Alden.

Connor saw him smoking, and sniffed anxiously. Alden tossed him the twist, telling him to fill his pipe.

Presently Connor found a small pebble and improvised a sinker. He swung his line again into the muddy current, with a mechanical sidelong glance to see what Craig was doing, and settled down again on his haunches, smoking and grunting.

"Enny news, Alden?" queried Craig after a silence.

"Nothing much, except that Richmond has fallen," grinned Alden.

"Quit fooling," urged the southerner: "ain't there no news?"

"No. Some of our men down at Mud Pond got sick eating catfish. They caught them in the pond. It appears you Johnnies used the pond as a cemetery, and our men got sick eating the fish."

"That so?" drawled Craig; "too bad. Lots of yewr men was in Long Pond, too, I reckon."

In the silence that followed two rifle shots sounded faint and dull from a distant forest.

"'Nother great union victory," drawled Craig. "Extry! Extry! Richmond is took!"

Alden laughed and puffed at his pipe.

"We licked the boots off of the Thirtieth Texas last Monday," he said.

"Sho!" drawled Craig; "what did you go a-lickin' their boots for—blackin'?"

"O, shut up!" said Connor from the bank; "I can't ketch no fish if you two fools don't quit jawin'."

The sun was dipping below the pine-clad ridge, flooding river and wood with a fierce radiance. The spruce needles glittered, edged with gold; every broad green leaf wore a heart of gilded splendor, and the muddy waters of the river rolled onward like a flood of precious metal, heavy, burnished, noiseless.

From a balsam bough a thrush uttered three timid notes; a great gauzy-winged grasshopper drifted into a clump of sun-scorched weeds—click! click! cr-r-r!

"Purty, ain't it?" said Craig, looking at the thrush. Then he swallowed the last morsel of muddy hardtack, wiped his beard on his cuff, hitched up his trousers, took off his green glasses, and rubbed his eyes. "A he-catbird sings purtier, though," he said.

Alden drew out his watch, puffed once or twice, and stood up, stretching his arms in the air.

"It's four o'clock," he began, but was cut short by a shout from Connor.

"Gee whiz!" he yelled; "what have I got on this here pole?"

The ramrod was bending, the line swaying heavily in the current.

"It's four o'clock, Connor," said Alden, keeping a wary eye on Craig.

"That's all right," called Craig, "the time's extended till yewr friend lands that there fish."

"Pulls like a porpoise," grunted Connor. "I bet it busts my ramrod!"

"Does it pull?" grinned Craig.

"Yes, a dead weight."

"Don't it jerk kinder this way and that?" asked Craig, much interested.

"Naw," said Connor; "the durned thing jest pulls steady."

"Then it ain't no 'redhorse;' it's a catfish."

"Huh!" sneered Connor; "don't I know a catfish? This ain't no catfish, lemme tell yer!"

"Then it's a log," laughed Alden.

"By gum! here it comes!" panted Connor; "here, Alden, jest you ketch it with my knife; hook the blade, blame ye!"

Alden cautiously descended the red bank of mud, holding on to roots and branches, and bent over the water. He hooked the big-bladed claspknife like a scythe, set the spring, and leaned out over the water.

An oily circle appeared upon the surface of the turbid water; another and another. A few bubbles rose and floated upon the tide.

Then something black appeared just beneath the bubbles, and Alden hooked it with his knife and dragged it shoreward. It was the sleeve of a man's coat. Connor dropped his ramrod and gaped at the thing. Alden would have loosed it, but the knifeblade was tangled in the sleeve.

He turned a sick face up to Connor.

"Pull it in," said the older man. "Here, give it to me, lad—"

When at last the silent visitor lay upon the bank, they saw it was the body of a union cavalryman. Alden stared at the dead face, fascinated. Connor mechanically counted the yellow chevrons under the blue sleeve, now soaked black. The muddy water ran over the baked soil, spreading out in dust-covered pools; the spurred boots trickled slime. After awhile both men turned their heads and looked at Craig. The southerner stood silent and grave, his battered cap in his hand. They eyed each other quietly for a moment, then, with a vague gesture, the southerner walked back into his pit and presently reappeared, trailing his rifle.

Connor had already began to dig with his bayonet, but he glanced sharply at the rifle in Craig's hands. Then he looked searchingly into the eyes of the southerner. Presently he bent his head and quietly continued digging.

It was after sunset before he and Alden finished the shallow grave, Craig watching them in silence, his rifle between his knees. When they were ready they rolled the body into the hole and stood up.

Craig also rose, raising his rifle to a "present." He held it there while the two union soldiers shoveled the earth into the grave. Then Alden went back and lifted the two rifles from the pit, handed Connor his, and waited.

"Ready!" growled Connor. "Aim!"

Alden's rifle came to his shoulder. Craig also raised his rifle.

"Fire!"

Three times the three shots rang out in the wilderness, over the unknown grave. After a moment or two Alden nodded good-night to Craig across the river and walked slowly toward his rifle-pit. Connor shambled after him. As he turned to lower himself into the pit he called across the river: "Good-night, Craig!"

"Good-night, Connor!" said Craig.—London Sketch.

HE WOULD NOT DENY IT.

Startling Charge, in Which a Judge Admits a Great Deal.

A federal judge lately charged a jury in a liquor case as follows: "In later years there seems to have been a disposition to deny or ignore judicial knowledge as to what constitutes intoxicating liquors and the courts have manifested a desire to disavow any judicial knowledge of this subject. At the same time some of the courts have not hesitated to impute to injuries an extensive knowledge and information in this regard. This court, however, will follow the precedent established by the decision of Chancellor Walworth upon this subject, and will asusme judicial knowledge concerning intoxicating liquors. * * * In a trial in the state of Wisconsin, where this question arose in 1883, the trial judge declared that a man must be almost a driveling idiot who did not know what beer was, and that it was not necessary to prove it to be an intoxicating liquor.

"Later the supreme court of that state, in passing on the character of the trial, declared that his rulings in the case upon this question were not only clearly correct, but if his peculiar manner gave them force and emphasis it was not only proper but commendable. This court, therefore, will neither stultify itself nor impeach its own veracity by telling you that it has not judicial knowledge that liquor commonly known as 'whisky' is an intoxicating liquor, or that the drink commonly called 'whisky cocktail' is an intoxicating drink."—Lease and Comment.

RIGHT ON THE SIDEWALK.

Henry Asked Her to Marry Him While the Whole Crowd Listened.

Perhaps it isnt altogether fair to tell the story, but really it's quite too good to keep. Besides, it's recital at this time is particularly apropos. She comes from Pennsylvania—just where I did not learn, but I rather suspect it was from some town not a million miles from the center of the Keystone state. Two things attracted my attention to her. In the first place, she was extremely lovely.

Her hair wasn't "like spun gold," but it was a beautiful burnished brown, and when the sun caught its wavelets the effect was all the more alluring. Her eyes were big, brown and bright. They beamed with intelligence and goodness.

He was rather an indifferent young man, so far as good looks went, but I suppose that what he lacked in that respect he made up mentally. They stood on Pennsylvania avenue, waiting for a car. "Oh, Henry, here comes our car now," she said, in tremulous, but very sweet tones.

Henry knew it. He wasn't blind to that fact. Yet he was blind to the fact that several interested people lounged by and too eagerly drank in the conversation of the couple.

"Let it come; there are others," he replied, somewhat recklessly.

"Why, Henry, you are using slang," she murmured, turning a pair of mildly-shocked eyes upon him.

"By no means," he hastened to reply. "Intone the last clause of the sentence in the sense that I meant it and you will see that you have erred."

Her lips moved. She was repeating the sentence. Then she smiled brightly.

"You are quite right," said she.

"I thought you would think so," he smiled back. "Do you know that I have something to say to you, Helen?"

The rich, warm color that had suffused her velvety cheeks fled for an instant and then rushed back again.

"Indeed."

There was a little pathetic quaver in her voice.

"Yes; can't you guess?"

She shook her head negatively.

"No," she faltered.

"I—I—"

"Papah, boss?"

"Yes, yes; give me half a dozen."

"Henry," she said a moment later, somewhat reproachfully, "we really must take this car. Papa and mamma are waiting for us."

"We'll take the next one," he answered, desperately. "On the car I shall have no opportunity to—to—and, besides, when we get home your father and mother, for the time being, will effectually exclude every possibility of—"

"Oh, Henry," she cried, agitatedly.

"It's true," he said, in a tense voice. "You know, Helen," he went on, hurriedly, "that ever since I can remember I have at all times expressed a most fervent—"

"Henry, if we don't take a car mamma will never forgive me. You know that I promised to be with her at 4:30."

"Fervent—fervent. Ah, yes, Helen, a most fervent fervency. No, I don't mean that, dear. I meant I have expressed at all times a most intense love for you. Your beauty, as goodness, grace—yourself in its entirety—has buoyed me up with constant hope. My love for you has been the one bright guiding star of my life. Helen, without you—"

"Oh, Henry," she murmured, undecided whether to cry or smile, and half doing both, "how can—can—we miss that car. Just think—"

"Just think," he said, excitedly, "just think how overpowering my love for you is. Without you I wouldn't care to live."

"Dat feller's got it bad," said one of the loungers sotto voce to his companion.

"Her's havin' a struggle wid himself," said the other.

But Henry heard not.

"I have tried in vain to tell you how much I love you ever since we came to Washington," Henry continued.

The ordeal was having a disastrous effect on him. He was getting warmer and warmer every minute, and the starch in his collar was disappearing like a chunk of ice under the rays of a hot sun.

Helen evidently began to pity him. A tender look crept into her eyes.

"Poor boy!" she murmured. "And do you love me so much?"

"I couldn't tell you in a thousand years how much I love you, dear Helen," he vowed.

"If your love for me is not a passing fancy—"

"Passing fancy! My stars, it's a cast iron reality. I can't forget you. Will you be my wife, Helen? Tell me now or never, Helen."

He was very much agitated now. And he looked it.

"If I give you an answer will you promise me to take the next car?"

"Yes, a million of them."

"Well, my answer is—"

She leaned forward and whispered something in his ear. I did not learn what it was, but it made Henry the happiest man in Washington at that particular moment.

He almost broke into a cheer. No doubt he wanted to hug and kiss her right then and there. A moment later he handed her aboard the car and they were whisked away.—Washington Post.

Bad for the Teeth.

Habitually eating soft foods, even soft bread, to the exclusion of everything that is hard or crusty, is not only weakening to the digestive organs but it leads to rapid decay of the teeth. When these are not used in the mastication of harder foods, the teeth become covered with tartar and sometimes loosen in their sockets, or the gums will bleed. —Chicago News.

—Ornithologists have discovered that crows have no less than 27 different cries, each distinctly referable to a different action.